

LORD OF THE DESERT

By PAUL DE LANEY

CHAPTER XII.

A Compact.

When Hammersley entered his home he found three of the cowboys who had started in pursuit of Egan and his band of warriors to recapture Bertha Lyle. They had followed the Indians to a point opposite the trapper's abode and had come to his place the night before to secure his advice and assistance. One whose habit it was to stroll about camp in the early mornings had taken his stroll this morning with the fatal result already known to the reader.

Hammersley concluded that it was proper to inform these brave men of the situation. He told them that Bertha Lyle was safe and that he intended to bury her dead comrade while he returned to escort her into camp.

On the previous night when the trapper had left Bertha concealed in the opening in the rimrocks two of the Indian searching party had come so close that she became alarmed for her safety and stole away as quietly as a shadow. She soon found herself safe, however, as the footprints and low guttural murmur of the Indians indicated that they had passed on to the north. But she had some difficulty in finding her way back and she had not felt sure of finding the trapper again, who was now diligently searching for her, until she ran almost into his arms.

The trapper had proceeded with her as near his home as he thought was safe and had left her secreted with the admonition not to leave under any circumstances until his return, and proceeded cautiously on foot.

While approaching a secret passage that led to his cavern, in the early morning, he heard the rifle shots and immediately ascended to the summit of the rimrocks to reconnoitre. When he discovered what had taken place he supposed that a band of cowboys had taken lodging in his quarters, as was his custom, and that the Indians having attacked the place, the white men were defending it to the best of their ability.

Having a greater object in view than the ordinary warfare with Indians, he had taken care to keep his rifle and while the white men did so out of respect for the trapper's judgment, the Indians did so because it was the best thing for them to do.

It was late in the forenoon when the trapper returned with the young woman. The men had buried their dead comrade in the crude manner of the burial of the desert. They had wrapped his body in his blankets and placed it deep in the sands and piled the lava rocks upon the grave to prevent the prowling coyotes from disturbing it. They were sore at heart over the loss of one of their best companions, but the thought of the safety of the niece of the Lord of the Desert and the honor of escorting her into his presence, somewhat mitigated the terror of the blow.

Hammersley had a great task before him. To acquiesce in the invalid father of his daughter's presence and to bring the daughter to the disfigured father whom she believed was dead, was a trying ordeal for such a tender hearted man. Then he felt it incumbent on himself to acquiesce in the presence of the young woman, the whole matter—of their employer's guilt, of the presence of the long lost Lyle and of the plans on foot to right the numerous wrongs which had been perpetrated. He had no choice but to acquiesce in the presence of the young woman, the whole matter—of their employer's guilt, of the presence of the long lost Lyle and of the plans on foot to right the numerous wrongs which had been perpetrated.

While James Lyle was maimed and disfigured in body he still possessed a clear brain. And the brain of the confined invalid, when clear, seems to be brighter than the ordinary. Whether the vision intended for the weak points go to the brain or the prostrated invalid concentrates all force upon this organ, or whatever may be the cause, this often proves true. Hammersley needed counsel and, while the doctor was bright and possessed extraordinary intelligence for one so young, he decided first to consult the experienced father.

Having provided temporary quarters for the young woman and requested the doctor to remain until he could consult with them on matters of importance, the trapper quietly stole away to the invalid's room. The consultation lasted several hours but when the trapper did not take the time to begin the plans formed. He went straight to Bertha and acquainted her with the fact that her father still lived and then conducted her to his presence. The scene that followed is doubtless familiar to the reader's imagination. The trapper left them alone together and returning called the men together and made them acquainted with the entire situation.

the story of James Lyle had opened a way not only to punish Martin Lyle and Follett but also to right the wrongs done other persons. It was decided to make the work complete, and the cowboys and the trapper then and there entered into a solemn compact to give the matter their undivided attention until the wrongs were righted.

For many years the trapper had been saving his earnings to make a trip to New York and attempt to carry out the plans of James Lyle. He had no other motive than ferreting out a great wrong and punishing a great crime, and all of this was inspired in him through sympathy for the invalid under his roof. It was his intention when his earnings were sufficient to take some one into his confidence whom he could leave in charge of his invalid friend while he was away, as it would require considerable time to look after the details of the matter, even should he be successful in getting a starting point.

But now that he had three colleagues in the persons of the three cowboys, the task appeared more easy. One of them, Al Beach, was especially shrewd and had had experience in

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He arrived late at night in a blinding snow storm and was about to enter the house when he saw the Frenchman and his brother in earnest conversation and heard the Frenchman give the details of his own murder and saw his brother pay him \$500 for the deed.

He went to the stables, procured a horse and rode away in the blinding storm. After this he lost consciousness and did not regain it until he found himself in the trapper's home, who had found him and rescued him from the storm on the plains.

CHAPTER XIV.

Surprises.

Dan Follett reached the Warm Springs village and found the warriors of this tribe anxious for a raid on the Plute camp. They were largely in the minority, and of a less warlike spirit, but had secured much from the depredations of the greater tribe. When Dan told the chief that Old Egan had a large number of mules and horses in camp near Ash Butte, and that there were only about 35 men in charge of them, the leader of the Warm Springs band was elated and lost no time in selecting 50 of his bravest men and setting out with them on the warpath. Follett adopted the Warm Springs head chief, although he needed but little painting, he also did this out of an abundance of precaution that the Snake warriors might not discover him and wreak vengeance upon the Lord of the Desert for the betrayal.

As stated at the beginning of this story, the Snakes were the most cunning and most treacherous Indians of the desert. They were feared and dreaded by all other tribes and were rarely ever caught napping on the war trail. After recovering the additional band of ponies for the supposed murder of Bertha Lyle, Old Egan had only gone 50 miles away and decided to spend a few weeks on the good grazing ground at the foot of Ash Butte, where water and game were also abundant.

He had played a clever ruse on the Lord of the Desert. When he first had to abandon hope of recapturing Bertha Lyle he was for a time at a loss what to do. But Indian sagacity is as deep as Indian treachery and a Snake was never known to stop at anything short of accomplishing an end. The Chief knew of a strange arrangement between the Lord of the Desert and the trapper and rumor had gotten abroad among the Indians that the Lord of the Desert had committed some crime which was the cause of this estrangement. He concluded after weighing matters carefully, that it would be doubtful if the trapper would permit the girl to go to her uncle and he decided to take his chances at least in getting the reward for putting her out of the way before the Lord of the Desert learned of the escape, and then he would take his chances on settling the matter with the man of the Stone House, who dared not push the matter too far for fear of exposure.

Needle Bore Penny.

To pierce a penny with a needle seems difficult, especially when the sewing needle is a fine one. Stick the needle lengthwise through a cork, allowing the point to project a little. The other end of the needle, if it projects over the cork, is cut off with a pair of nippers. Place the penny and



The Canadian gave him a stunning blow.

torn from the heads of immigrant women he had found one that compared with the color of Bertha Lyle's hair and rushed on to meet his engagement with Follett and received the reward without question, as the reader already knows.

While the Snakes felt reasonably safe, yet they guarded their band of stock with care. The animals were all driven to camp at night and pickets were kept on the watch to keep them from wandering away or to keep the Lord of the Desert's cowboys from retaking them should he discover the fraud of the scalp. But cautious as they had been the Warm Springs warriors, led by Follett, dashed suddenly upon them in the cover of the darkness of the midnight hour and drove the entire band of animals away exchanging only a few shots with the surprised guard.

"Pretty clever," remarked Follett to the chief in the latter's tongue, for the half breed knew all of the Indian languages of the plains. "Ugh!" replied the chief pointing back toward Ash Butte. "Old Egan has not been sleeping," replied Follett, as he saw a rich flame of fire rise from the summit of the peak and then saw it smothered and dash up alternately.

It was nearly noon the following day before the raiders stopped for rest and to prepare a meal. They had just passed through a canyon and had entered another plateau. A look-out was sent to the top of the rimrocks near at hand to make observations. He had barely reached his station when he made hurried signals that put the whole camp in turmoil. Two bands of mounted Plute warriors were approaching from different directions at a rapid speed. One was coming from the southeast and the other was coming from the southwest and each of these bands outnumbered the raiders.

A war party lurched into the camp and the meal was finished as they moved along, every warrior taking a piece of mule meat in his hand and eating it as they hurried away. The wary Egan had discovered the ruse taken by the Warm Springs warriors and had signaled his bands, who were coming to join him accordingly, and they were at once put upon the trail of the raiders and Old Egan had already gained the reward coming from the southeast in person.

(To be continued.)



Boys And Girls

Bray's Enemy.

"Please, Mr. Joynes, there's a little boy at the back gate to see you." "At the back gate? Bring him in, Peter."

"He won't come in, sir; says he's awful busy, and hasn't got time." "How big is he?"

"About as big as my fist, sir," said Peter.

The good-natured gentleman went out to the back gate. "Well, countryman," he said pleasantly, "what can I do for you?"

The small boy—he was a very small boy—took off a soft, dirty hat, and held it behind him. "I've come to tell you, sir, that Bray's got to be killed."

"Bray, my big Newfoundland dog? And who sent you here with that information?" asked the gentleman, losing all his pleasant looks.

"Nobody sent me," answered the boy, stoutly. "I've come by myself. Bray has run my sheep free days. He's got to be killed."

"Where did you get any sheep?" asked Mr. Joynes.

"My sheep are Mr. Ransom's. He gives me 15 cents a week for watching 'em."

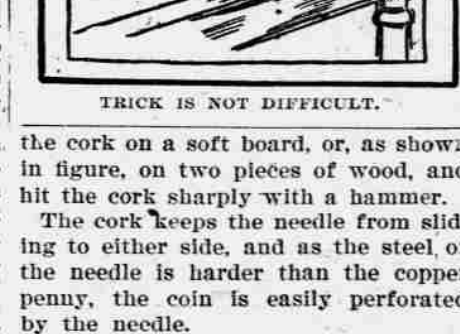
"Did you tell Mr. Ransom that Bray was running them?"

"No, sir, I told you."

"Ah! that is well. I don't want to kill Bray. Suppose I give you 15 cents a week for not telling Mr. Ransom when Bray runs his sheep. How would that do?"

As soon as the little shepherd got the idea into his head, he scornfully rejected it. "That'd be paying me for a lie," he said indignantly. "I wouldn't tell lies for all the money in the world."

When he said this, Mr. Joynes took off his own hat, and reached down and took the small dirty hat in his. "Hurrah, herdsman!" said he. "I beg your pardon for offering you a bribe. Now I know that the keeper of Mr. Ransom's sheep is not afraid of a man four times his size, but that he is afraid of a lie. Hurrah for you! I am going to tell Mr. Ransom that, if he doesn't raise your wages, I shall offer you twice 15 cents, and take you into my service. Meanwhile Bray will be shut up while your sheep are on my side of the hill. Will that do? All right then. Good morning, countryman."—English Magazine.



TRICK IS NOT DIFFICULT.

Meaning of Girls' Names.

Frances is "unmistaken and free"; Bertha, "pellucid, purely bright"; Clara "clear" as the crystal sea; Lucy, "a star of radiant light"; Catherine is "pure" as the mountain air; Henrietta, "a soft, sweet star"; Felicia is a "happy girl"; Matilda is a "lady true"; Margaret is a shining "pearl"; Rebecca, "with the faithful few"; Susan is a "lily white"; Jane has the "willow's curve and grace"; Cecilia, dear, is "dim of sight"; Sophia shows "wisdom on her face"; Constance is "fire and resolute"; Grace, delicious, "favor meet"; Charlotte, "noble, good repute"; Harriet, a fine "odor sweet"; Isabella is a "lady rare"; Lucinda, "constant as the day"; Marie means "a lady fair"; Abigail, "joyful as Mary"; Elizabeth, "an oath of trust"; Adelia, "nice princess, proud"; Agatha is "truly good and just"; Letitia, "a joy avoided"; Jennie, "a soft sound in the air"; Caroline, "a sweet spring hale"; Cornelia, "harmonious and fair"; Selina, "a sweet nightingale"; Lydia, "a refreshing well"; Judith, "a jewel none excel"; Priscilla, "ancient of days."—The Monitor.

To Judge the Width of a River.

It is necessary to make use only of the eyes and the brim of a hat to measure the width of an ordinary stream, or even of a good-sized river, and here is the way to do it: Select a part of the river bank where

the grounds run back level, and, standing at the water's edge, fix your eyes on the opposite bank. Now, move your hat down over your brow until the edge of the brim is exactly on a line with the water-line on the other side. This will give you a visual angle that may be used on any level surface, and if, as has been suggested, the ground on your side of the river be flat, you may "lay off" a corresponding distance on it. To do this you have only to hold your head perfectly steady, after getting the angle with your hat brim, supporting your chin with your hand, if necessary, and turn slowly around until your back is toward the river. Now, take careful note of where your hat brim cuts the level surface of the ground as you look over the latter, and from where you stand to that point will be the width of the river—a distance that may readily be measured by stepping. If you are careful in all these details you can come within a few feet of the river's width.—Detroit Free Press.

A Punctual Bird.

What tempts the little humming bird that we see in our gardens to travel every spring from near the equator to as far north as the arctic circle, leaving behind him, as he does, for a season, many tropical delights? He is the only one of many humming birds that pluckily leaves the land of gayly colored birds to go into voluntary exile in the north, east of the Mississippi. How it stirs the imagination to picture the solitary, tiny migrant, a mere atom of bird life, moving above the range of human sight through the vast dome of the sky, says Nellie Blanchard in Country Life in America. He covers the thousands of miles between his winter home and his summer one by easy stages and arrives at his chosen destination at approximately the same date year after year.

Nothing Better Required.

One day my sister Floy was sent on an errand for some things for my mother.

There was a traveling man there who was selling carpet spankers, and he asked her:

"Has your mother got one of these spankers?"

"No, sir," she replied.

"What does she use?" he asked.

"Her hand," was the prompt reply.—The Little Chronicle.

ROOSEVELT'S ROSE.

Treasured Keepsake of a Bright-Eyed Little Girl.

Little Etadiorpha Knapp, a little lady of 5 years, living in Cincinnati, has a pretty little keepsake that she will treasure all her life. When President Roosevelt was in that city during the Fall Festival Little Miss Knapp was among the throng that surrounded the St. Nicholas steps, her bright eyes spread wide in eager anticipation.

To her event was more than an incident. It was an event of vast importance. To a 5-year-old the president of the United States is much more than a mere Teddy Roosevelt; he is a wonderful being, not at all like other men, but of such materials as the heroes of history and fiction are made.

The crowd behind her pushed and crowded and got impatient during the long delay, but this little miss was too much pleased to note the passing of time. She just kept her eyes upon the door of the hotel, like a kitten watching its first mouse hole, so as to be sure not to miss the very first sight of the president.

At last the doors swung open and some gentlemen came out. Then little Miss Knapp's heart bounded in her throat, for there came the president. There could be no mistake about that. She had seen his picture so many times that she knew him at once.

At the president's buttonhole there nodded a splendid big American Beauty rose, and here comes the whole point of the story, for as the president swung down the stone steps with his free, vigorous strides to get in the waiting carriage that was to take him to Music Hall, that beautiful rose gave an extra hard nod, perhaps at the eager-eyed little girl who was watching it, and alas! nodded its pretty head off.

To jump forward and secure it was only the work of a moment for the nimble-footed young lady of 5, and then she shrank back, all at once trembling at her boldness. But she had the rose safe and sound!

Just as she sprang to the sheltering skirts of her aunt the president turned and saw what had happened and gave the little girl a smile that showed all his teeth. Then he clambered into the carriage and drove away.

Little Miss Etadiorpha has that rose yet, and she means to keep it all her life, and when she is a gray-headed grandma she will have a pretty little tale to tell about the faded rose leaves that lie pressed so neatly in the family album.

What a Baby Bee Knows.

When one thinks that any bee that walks out of its cradle, pale, perhaps, but perfect, knows at once all that is to be known of the life and duties of a bee, complicated as they are, and comprising the knowledge of an architect, a wax modeler, a nurse, a lady's maid, a housekeeper, a tourist agency and a field marshal, and then compares that vast knowledge with that possessed by the human baby, who is looked upon as a genius if it gurgles "goo-goo" and tries to gouge its mother's eyes out with its fingers, one realizes that the boasted superiority of the human brain depends largely upon human vanity.—London World.

Insanity in Berlin.

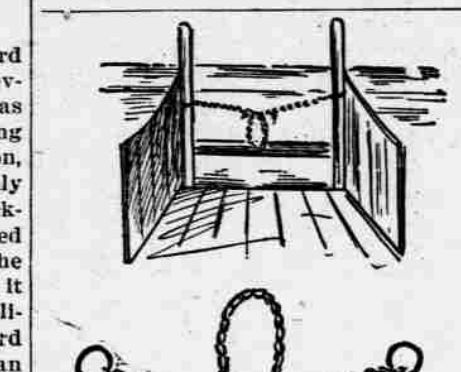
There are 300 new cases of insanity in Berlin every year. A new asylum is under construction, and the Tageblatt says two more ought to be begun at once.



FARMERS' CORNER

For Tying Cows.

While the old-fashioned way of fastening cows by means of stanchions is fast going out of use, some of the substitutes, mainly the rope snap to the halter and the chain which is passed around the neck of the animal, are not entirely satisfactory. The method of using a chain tie as shown in the illustration is superior to the others. It passes around the neck as in the old methods, but is connected with two posts on which rings are used. Side chains connect the neck chain with



CHAIN FOR TYING COWS.

these rings by means of snap hooks, as shown in the cut.

By the use of these chains and rings one can adjust the tie to any width of stall one is likely to have, and have it as taut as needed. This plan of fastening gives the cow great freedom, enabling her to lie down with her head on either side of her body. She cannot move backward or forward any more with this method of fastening, than when in stanchions. The plan of fastening is the best of the more modern methods and should have a thorough trial.

Storing Celery for Winter.

When kept in quantities, celery requires considerable room. An economical way to provide the necessary storage is by the covered ditch plan.

Dig a trench or trenches in well-drained soil, not more than four feet wide and about two feet deep. Put a board partition through the center of the trench to divide the mass of celery and prevent it becoming too solid. Rafter of 2x4 stuff are set at 1-3 pitch four feet apart. Make square box ventilators that may be stuffed with straw to keep out frost in severe weather.

Sweating takes place after storing



WINTER STORAGE PIT.

and keeps up for about two weeks. A great deal of moisture is thrown off at this time and sufficient ventilation must be provided to carry it away. Roof boards should be put on as soon as the trenches are filled, to keep rain out, but the ends may be left open. At the approach of cold weather it is necessary to cover the boards with earth. The thickness of this covering must depend on the locality. If a very heavy earth covering is necessary, the rafters should be placed nearer together.

Two essentials must be observed, sufficient air to prevent rotting, and frost must be excluded.—J. H. Kent, in Epitomist.

The Potato Crop.

A fair illustration of the difference between an average crop and a good crop may be found in the census report of the potato crop, as given in 1900. The average crop for all the States was placed at 80.8 bushels per acre. The average in Vermont was 134 bushels that year and in Maine 126 bushels. The new land in Montana averaged the same as Vermont in 1900, but they had 156 bushels in 1897 and 170 bushels in 1896. Nevada had 190 bushels in 1896 and 156 bushels in 1900. Of the other States, there were 136 bushels per acre in 1900 in Idaho, 116 in Washington, 110 in Oregon and 104 in California. The fact that Nevada and Idaho were the only States that exceeded Vermont in 1900, and the stony lands of New England can equal the newly settled and exceedingly fertile lands of the Northwestern States; and if the cost of manure and fertilizer and the labor of cultivation is not as much there as here, there is a gain in the better values that they have here when ready for market.—American Cultivator.

Sowing Alfalfa.

The best way to sow alfalfa is to plow the land deep in the spring or winter. Turn up a little new soil; harrow down and sow beardless spring barley at the rate of two bushels to the acre. Sow fifteen pounds, or a peck, of alfalfa seed at the same time. I usually roll the land well after sowing. This makes the alfalfa do better, but is sometimes hard on the barley. Alfalfa will come up through very firm soil and thrive better than when it is too loose. Let the barley ripen and cut it for grain. Then when the alfalfa starts up a little clip it with the mower. Clip it close. It will start again, and after a month or so clip again. It is better to keep stock off for two years. Begin mowing the second year as soon as the blossoms form. AF-

ter the first crop is taken off it will mature another in exactly thirty days. Do not delay cutting this second crop. It will take about thirty-five days for the third crop to grow. Take it off promptly. Then in thirty-five or forty days it will be the fourth crop. Take it, or graze it.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Methods of Milking.

Methods of milking have much influence on the quantity of milk given by the cow, and some think that a faulty method also affects the proportion of butter fat in the milk. At a recent meeting of the British Dairy Association the subject was discussed and an interesting paper was read by Primrose McConnell on the subject. He described the stripping methods as that in which the fingers are forcibly drawn down the teat, sometimes down with energy, as if the milker was drawing the milk down from the horns of the cow. If the teats are scratched in the least or chapped this rough process opens and keeps irritated the broken skin so that there will be a considerable soreness, inevitably resulting in a decrease of the yield. The squeezing method is much the better. The operator grasps the teat, and the arms and elbow moving, squeezes it only, without any pulling, and no cessation of the sound, for the stream is started from a new teat before it is stopped to take a one hold at the other. The principal superiority of this method lies in the fact that it deals gently with the teat, so that where there is a tendency to soreness the sores are not continually reopened, and thus the animal stands more quietly during the operation. Sores heal more quickly, new ones are not formed, and consequently the animal will be a better milker. A cow that could hardly be made to submit to the former method may stand quietly during the latter.—New England Farmer.

Home-Made Syrup.

Probably farmers will arrange for a supply of home-made syrup. They will plant sorghum for this purpose, also some for feed. The annual production of 25,000,000 gallons allows but a third of a gallon for each inhabitant, which is sufficient for about ten days' needs. Choice home-made syrup is much appreciated. It saves grocery bills and it is pure goods.

A ton of sorghum should make fifteen to twenty gallons of syrup. There are impurities in the syrup which should be extracted. First, the juice should be allowed to settle before being heated. After coming nearly to the boiling point empty in a tub and add coarse clay and puddle with a hoe. Let it settle half an hour and then carefully pour it into the pan again. Boil and be particular to skim it. When it is half reduced to syrup again let it cool; again, in the tub, add clay, mix well and let stand over night. Next morning turn off the clear juice and boil to the finished syrup. Be particular to keep the canis clean of skin, gum and all the waste, and the syrup will be a choice article that would sell readily. This work calls for strict attention and not a little skill, but it will pay in money and satisfaction.—Practical Fruit Grower.

Nebraska's Dairy Products.

According to the Nebraska Dairyman, the amount of money distributed to the farmers of the State each month for cream runs up into the thousands. The Beatrice Creamery Company of Lincoln paid to the farmers of the State during the month of June between \$135,000 and \$140,000 for butter fat alone. An equal amount will be distributed for packing stock, or country butter. A conservative estimate places the amount of money that will be paid by the creameries of this State for butter fat alone at \$400,000 during the month of June. A banker from one of the towns in the State said that in his town more money was being paid out to the farmers for dairy products than for grain.

Mustard for Roup.

Mustard is an excellent roup cure. Take a quarter pound of ground mustard, half a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper and enough butter and flour to work into pills. Give one pill the size of a common marble every night to each rousy bird.—Exchange.

Give the Hens Room.

Crowding 200 hens into the space that ought to accommodate 100 will crowd out all the health, comfort, vigor, flesh, temper and eggs of your egg fire flock. Overcrowding is bad for any stock and particularly bad for feathered stock.

Farm Notes.

Sugar beet harvest east of Colorado is a little late.

Ensilage grows more and more popular for beef cattle.

The Maltese or milking goat is talked of as another promising special industry.

Beefmaking on the "abandoned farms" of New England is among latest projects.

The Hawaiian Islands are said to be in need of foresters and eager to secure them.

There is quite a risk in holding hogs, and just as soon as they are fit for market it is best to let them go.

The fruit grower who expects to have fair crops of fruit must begin with the use of insecticides early. He must not delay too late in the spring, as the first spraying is sometimes the most important of all. Paris green will not destroy the insects that live on the sap.

It is not always the best and most elaborate poultry houses that shelter the choicest stock. Success, however, mainly depends on warm, dry coops, with proper care and management, and freedom from overcrowding. This latter trouble is often the cause of ill-success.